

Prabuddha Bharata

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SRI RAMAKRISHNA'S TEACHINGS

KAMA KANCHANA : THEIR CONQUEST—IV

HEDGES should be put round young plants, or cattle will destroy them. But when they grow up into gigantic trees, elephants by scores can be chained round their trunks without any fear of harm to them. So also, if one lives in the midst of sense pleasures after attaining the highest knowledge, nothing can daunt or unbalance one in the world.

AS wet wood put on a furnace loses its moisture gradually, so the moisture of worldliness of the man who takes refuge in God, and utters His holy name, dries of itself. He who intends to think of God after his attachment to things has ceased would never be able to do so ;—for, that time will never come.

AS a flint kept under water for a thousand years does not lose its properties, but whenever taken out and struck, gives forth sparks of fire, so the man favoured with the grace of God does not change internally at all even if he remains immersed in the world.

THEY say when they come across a snake, "Mother Manasa (the goddess of snake), please move away showing your tail and hiding your head." So also it is

meet to keep aloof from such influences as have a tendency to excite sensuality. It is far better not to come in contact with them than to gain experience by a fall.

BUT this is not for the householder but for the Sannyasin alone. The householder should live with mind unattached in the world. He should seek every now and then some solitary place, where there will be none to disturb him, and meditate on God. Thus would the spirit of faith and devotion come and he would be able to live unattached. After the birth of a son or two, the husband and wife should live as if they were brother and sister, and should always pray to God that their mind no more run after sense pleasures.

ONCE a Marwari gentleman came to Sri Ramakrishna and said, "How is it, sir, that I have renounced everything and yet I do not see God?"

Sri Ramakrishna :—Yōu know the leather jars used for keeping oil. Well, if you empty all the oil from one of them there will yet be a little sticking to the sides and the bottom. The smell continues to the last. So in you there is yet left a little smell of worldliness.

WORLDLY SOPHISM

CRITICISMS are continually coming forth against people withdrawing from the world in order better to gain control over their lower nature and attain spirituality.

Critics professing to have at heart the welfare of the world, tell us we owe certain duties to the world which if we try to evade will surely bring us disaster.

It is true that a man who lives in the world and shares its joys and pleasures, its comforts and luxuries must also partake in its responsibilities. But if he lives a moral life and devotes his entire time to some science or higher knowledge, he will incur no blame for not doing his duties, even though his efforts to acquire knowledge bring no direct benefit to society, nor he himself take any active part in its affairs.

This is so because the standard of duty is not fixed. Progress being the one object of life man is ever free to go higher and higher outgrowing the duties belonging to the states left behind. But he is never free to neglect those duties in order to sink lower in the scale of existence. A gambler, for instance, owes a debt to his fraternity for the wealth he has accumulated. But can it be urged that he proves false to his fraternity when awakening to his higher instincts, he leaves it, and applies his money to some charitable purpose?

There comes a time to man, when his soul asserts its desire for freedom. Things which at one time seemed all-

important lose their value. He begins to realize that sense-objects are but passing shadows. And what the mind once knows to be false can no longer satisfy it. Consequently he leaves the world. It is true that he receives some help from the world to maintain himself. But if he is true to his ideal, the example of his life alone will more than repay the debt he owes it. In the case of him who succeeds in reaching the goal, the *Jivan Mukti*, he does not preach or teach, since for him all illusions of duality have vanished forever, yet he is worshipped by all and his example illumines the world. His life shows there is a way to break the chain of nature's laws, and burst the prison of limitations: he is the culminating point of evolution, the end towards which all Nature is struggling, Freedom.

It will probably be objected that such an aim is useless as only one in millions can succeed. But let it be remembered that every success is the outcome of numerous failures. For each living thing thousands of other lives perish. A million ova have to be spawned so that two codfish may reach maturity. Yet, on this account evolution does not stop in its ceaseless efforts to evolve the highest.

Even, if out of millions continually striving for Freedom, only one succeed that one would leave the world an ideal, which would more than recompense all failures.

Again, it is urged that it is weak and

cowardly to flee from temptations, and that that virtue is of a poor quality which grows in solitude.*.

In every branch of life some preliminary training is essential. The soldier is drilled for months and even years, before he is considered fit to meet the enemy on the battlefield. The pugilist goes through rigid physical training and masters the art of boxing ere he ventures to meet the opponent in the prize-ring. Yet, no one would think the soldier or the pugilist weak or cowardly because he does not enter the contest before he is fully qualified. That training is necessary for success in all worldly affairs, is too obvious to require any proof. But when we deal with things less known we are apt to forget that the same law holds good there also. Hence, to make it clearer we may reason by analogy from the more known to the less known.

A man who desires to learn swimming will not go where the water is deep and the current swift and full of whirlpools, with the absurd notion that there alone can he properly attain his object. If he did anything so foolish he would either be drowned or give it up in disgust. Instead he begins his practice where the water is still and shallow; and when strength and proficiency have been gained, he can safely venture into places where he would otherwise have perished. Likewise a man who determines to conquer the temptations of the flesh, does not plunge into the world's Malström with the foolish notion that in that manner alone can he gain strength to achieve his end, and thus risk being swallowed

up in the vortex of its glamour and allurements. He chooses a wiser and safer course in retiring to some pure and quiet place beyond the reach of worldly influences. There he devotes his time and energy to eradicate all impurities, and develop that control and strength, which will eventually enable him to return to the world, or go anywhere, without fear. When such a character is seen in the world no one has a poor opinion of his strength and virtue because they were acquired under favorable conditions.

To give another illustration: the acorn contains all the potentialities of the oak; but in order for its latent forces to unfold into a tree, external stimuli are indispensable, such as, light, air, earth, water, &c. If these are lacking the seed will in time disintegrate and its forces disperse. So with man, his desires grow and develop by outside influences, while if these are absent they tend to die out. In other words if a man lives among evil associates, his evil impressions will be vitalized and increased by fresh ones; on the other hand, if he withdraws from their influence, he has only himself to contend against. And yet to root out the tendencies of a life-time, nay, perhaps the accumulations of many lives, will be enough to test the strength of the strongest under the most advantageous surroundings. But there is no reason for despair. For as a universe of straw may be consumed by one spark of fire, so all impurities and imperfections may be burnt out by the fire of spiritual knowledge when once aroused.

All the great religions have taught renunciation of the world as necessary for attaining the highest spirituality. The

*It should be borne in mind that gold even of a poor quality is better than no gold at all.

Catholic Church plainly teaches this doctrine and emphasizes it by her numerous monasteries and convents. As a striking example of this belief we may refer to the early Christian monks,—those giants who aroused Rome by their power and eloquence, at a time when her clergy had become corrupt and effeminate.

Near the middle of the 4th century when Rome had sunk to the lowest state of moral degradation preceding her downfall, Christian hermits who had fled to Egypt to escape the contaminating influence, returned to arouse the people from their sensuality. Mr. A. W. Wishart in his admirable work, "Monks and Monasteries" speaks of these ascetics in the following eloquent terms:

"These men despise luxury and condemn riches. They have come to make Rome ring with the old war cries,—although they wrestled not against flesh and blood but against spiritual wickedness in high places. Terror and despair are on every side, but they are not afraid. They know what it means to face the demons of the desert, to lie down at night with wild beasts for companions. They have not yielded to the depravity of the human heart and the temptations of a licentious age. They have conquered sinful appetites by self-abnegation and fasting. They come to a distracted society with a message of peace—a peace won by courageous self-sacrifice..... They appeal to the ancient spirit of courage and love of hardships. They arouse the dormant moral energies of the profligate nobles, proud of the past and sick of the present. The story of Anthony admonished Rome that a life of sensuous

gratification was unglorious, unworthy of the true Roman, and that the flesh could be mastered by heroic endeavor".

So powerful was their message and so great their enthusiasm that Rome was stirred to her depths and her best hearts won over. Philosophers, officials in high positions, candidates for highest honors, military officers of rank, proud, wealthy Roman matrons, were among those who began to preach asceticism and renounce the splendor of Rome for the solitude of the desert. At another place this author says:

"These seekers after righteousness may be described as a dismal and fanatical set of men, overlooking the practical aim of life, but it is a fair question to ask, if they had not abandoned the world to its fate would they not have shared that fate? 'The glory of the age', says Professor Dill 'is the number of those who are capable of such self-surrender; and an age should be judged by its ideals, not by the mediocrity of conventional religion making worldly self-indulgences. This we have always with us, the other we have not always.'"

Who can fathom the strength of these saintly warriors in the desert battling against their lustful cravings and sinful natures, while dwelling in caves infested by scorpions and wild beasts! Observe the learned and heroic Jerome. His heart never quailed before physical sufferings and terrors. He lived fearlessly in the desert with serpents and wild beasts for companions; yet he was not strong enough to prevent visions of the Roman dancing-girl, which continued to haunt him for so long ere he succeeded to subdue his lower nature.

It is very easy for people living amidst the comforts and luxuries of the world to criticise these heroes and laugh at their 'fanaticism.' But how many of these sophists who stigmatize it as weakness to leave the world can understand what courage it requires to tear out from the heart every human link and kick away all props and stand alone? I shall once again quote Mr. Wishart expressing his admiration in the following glowing words :

"I cannot but reverence that pure passion for holiness which led men despairing of acquiring virtue in a degenerate age, to flee from the world and undergo such torments to attain their soul's ideal. The form, the method of their conflict was transient, the spirit and purpose eternal. All honor to them for their terrible and magnificent struggle which has forever exalted the spiritual ideal and commanded men everywhere to seek first the 'Kingdom of God' and its righteousness."

I shall now turn to one who unlike the Christian ascetic, was free from all superstition and fanaticism, whose life was not influenced by any morbid fear of hell or devil, nor selfish desire for heavenly felicity. I refer to Gotama Buddha, that marvelous incarnation of the Heart. He is the only religious teacher who worked for the good of the world, without any external motive. He said, "I do not care to know your various theories about God. What is the use to discuss all the subtle doctrines about the soul? Do good and be good and this will take you to freedom and whatever truth there is." He had the courage to proclaim to a world enslaved

by priestcraft and superstition :

"Believe not because some old manuscript is produced, believe not because it is your national belief, because you have been made to believe it from your childhood; but reason it all out, and after you have analyzed it, then if you find that it will do good to one and all, believe it, live up to it, and help others to live up to it".

The history of the human race cannot show his equal in compassion. He was an ocean of mercy which included not only all of humanity—known and unknown,—but every sentient being, in its all-embracing love. But even he in order to attain his ideal, was obliged to flee from his wife and home; abandon his kingdom and renounce every worldly attachment for a beggar's life. He was moved to this by no thought of self, but by a heart that bled for a suffering world and sought a means to help it. Through many years of hard practice, he conquered every temptation of the flesh and gained spiritual illumination. He was then able to see the true cause of all suffering and show humanity a way out of it; and with his power and knowledge he moved the world. 2,444 years have passed since the Blessed One gave the sublimest truth to the world; yet to our present day his influence is the greatest of any religious teacher, and his religion numbers more followers (500,000,000) than any other.

Does such an example count for nothing? Can the lesson of the life and deeds of this man, one of the greatest of all of Nature's work, be annulled by the mere counter-assertion of those who are so anxious lest duty be neglected, and

so unselfish that instead of reserving their energy for overcoming their own weaknesses, they give it freely in trying to detect the flaws in others[†]. These people who so dearly love truth for its own sake, but *who are nevertheless careful to make it conform to their personal desires*, will find a fitting reply in these words of the immortal Kant: "For it is an absurd thing to expect to be enlightened by reason and yet to prescribe to her beforehand on which side she must lean."

Again, in the life of Jesus there is no evidence that he was born perfect and that he too did not go into solitude ere giving his message to the world; on the contrary, the years of his life of which no record can be had, indicate the probability of such a course. Moreover, his fasting forty days in the wilderness and being tempted by the devil show that some self-discipline was required. Apart from this, his teachings prove conclusively that he regarded it impossible to at-

[†]How significant are the Nazarene's words! "Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to pull out the mote that is in thy brother's eye." Luke, VII, 42.

tain perfection without giving up every worldly attraction. Observe his answer to the rich man who asked what he should do to be saved. "He had kept all the commandments from his childhood; yet the Master ordered him to sell all he possessed, take his cross and follow him. His disciples had to renounce every worldly tie, such as—home, parents, wife, children, before they were deemed worthy to receive his teachings. When he sent forth his seventy disciples to preach it was with these words, "Carry neither purse, nor scrip, nor shoes: and salute no man by the way." (Luke, X, 4.) He knew no compromise between worldly desires and the spiritual. He taught, "Ye cannot serve two masters," or, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon".

Nowadays these teachings are twisted to serve any purpose born from personal motive. Nevertheless he who values truth more than the opinion of the world will not be deceived by these juggleries, nor will he succeed less because his conduct does not harmonize with worldly sophisms.

CHARLES JOHNSON.

FACT STRANGER THAN FICTION.

I

THE received him with a volley of abuse, the choicest billingsgate, as usual. But Rambullubh cut her short: "Here is a young lark, my Kohinur, for you to teach him: ~~scar~~ to the higher regions of love," pointing to a young man behind who came up as he spoke. The prostitute, got up from her chair, replacing her rough mood instantaneously, by one of sweet softness, bowed to the

new comer and coyly stretched her jewelled fingers towards him.

"He is my wife's brother, pet, and we must teach him to be a man. Let us have champagne to-night. We must begin mild," explained Rambullubh.

The rest of that evening's business need not be reported in detail, for nothing unusual happened. The young fellow was made to drink glass after glass till he lost his head and

finally kissed the ground. He woke up the next afternoon and after partaking some food which the woman's forethought had kept ready for him, went back home in a very maudlin condition.

Hurlal—for that was the young fellow's name—was now started on the royal road to "manhood"—to quote his brother-in-law's slang. He was barely twenty, the only son of a poor Brahman, never cared for study, though sent to the local missionary school on half-fee, secured by his father through the recommendations of a wealthy neighbour, also a Brahman, a retired Deputy Magistrate. He and his only sister Devi lost their mother when quite young, and owed their lives to the care of a widowed aunt, an elder sister of their father who lived in the ancestral home with her only surviving brother. At the sacrifice of his education, however, Hurlal had developed an excellent physique, by exercise and gymnastics, to which he devoted nearly the whole of his time. Reading trashy novels and romances, doing daring feats occasionally, and fighting bullies relieved the monotony of his existence. Needless so to state, how anxious and painful he made the lives of his poor, simple, and orthodox father and aunt, by choosing the life of a reckless, dare-devil athlete, and what a terrible blow he struck them to the quick when he returned that afternoon after his first night's worship of Bacchus.

Unable to find the money to marry his daughter in a rank equal to his own, the simple Brahman gave Devi away to Rambullubh, who belonged to a much lower grade of the caste, in the expectation that "Devi would not be pinched for food and clothing," as Rambullubh had a little ancestral property and held a very good position in the Railway Office. But as his *Karma* would have it, Rambullubh was an inveterate drunkard, though only 27 or 28, and was completely given to bad ways.

Devi could not be called particularly beautiful but she possessed a beautiful heart, the heart of her great-great grandmother, who committed *sati*. In about a year's time of her marriage she found out the life before her and through many break-downs in which she found herself in the dark abyss of despair, she trained herself to play her part in life bravely and womanly, in which she was not a little helped and supported by her aged aunt whose idol she was. Unlike her brother Devi was passionately fond of reading, which she learnt in the local missionary girls' school. Devi was the brightest pupil of the Christian lady who managed the institution, and it was not without a struggle that her good teacher gave Devi up when she heard about the latter's marriage, and consequent estrangement from the school. The lady, not a stranger to Devi's home, saw her father and aunt several times, after her marriage was settled, and expostulated with them to defer it a year at least—at considerable risk to her person from Devi's brother and his chums—and at last went to the length of proposing to Devi to come away and live with her and thus be saved from marrying an unworthy man. Devi made no reply but told her aunt what 'the Miss' had said, after which 'the Miss' could see her no more though she called several times, as Devi was sure to be away from home to see some friend or neighbour, her aunt did not exactly know who.

Devi had learnt a little English and gone through bushfuls of the ~~slandering~~ ~~trash~~ supplied by the Miss, ~~defamatory of the religious~~ ideas of her ancestors, and ~~kindred~~ missionary literature, in the vernacular of her district. She had also mastered and read to her aunt parts of the *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata*, but it is doubtful if any thing out of these helped her nearly as much in the battle of life as did the simple vows she learnt when seven years old from her aunt to repeat to herself

after worshipping with her under the Tulsi plant: "I will be a *sati* like Sita," "I will be refreshing like Gunga," "I will be patient like the earth," and others of a like nature.

Devi was married when she was thirteen and was loved and petted by all the members of her husband's household. She hardly saw her husband during the first year of her marriage though she lived six months of it, at intervals, in his house.

Hurlal was ever good to her and loved her dearly. The first pang he gave her, was when she learnt how her husband had initiated him into the life of a debauchee about three months after her marriage. For Hurlal went on going from bad to worse every day; from that evening, when Devi's husband took him to his woman and made him drink.

But misery, anguish and despair knew no bounds in her heart as well as in those of her poor father and aunt, when her husband and brother quarreled in about two years' time of her marriage when she had gone to live permanently in her husband's home. One evening her husband came home—a very unusual event, drunk, with bleeding head and face, and before any one could come to Devi's help, beat her most unmercifully. The cries of vengeance and ejaculations which escaped from his lips made it clear that he had had a fight with his brother-in-law over the woman, whose favours the latter had monopolised. Poor Devi! Physical torment was now added to her mental ones, for the same treatment was henceforth repeated almost every night.

II

The retired Deputy Magistrate who was such a great friend of Devi's father and who lived close to Rambullubh's house, had a son **Dagil** by name, a bright and studious young man who was studying for the B. A. degree in the local Mission College. He was sometime a class-mate and friend of Hurlal. His wife Suchinta, who was about Devi's age,

conceived a deep attachment for the latter and often visited her. Devi hardly stirred out of her husband's home, because she was so much pitied by her neighbours, which she did not like. For she had a proud heart and did not fancy anybody to know that her husband was bad.

Often would Suchinta come to her room and cry and sympathise with her, for she too had a secret sorrow. For with all his goodness, purity and love of learning, Dayal hated Suchinta, though she was beautiful, educated, sweet and devoted to him. None could even guess the reason of this strange conduct of Dayal, and his people could only hope that time would set his mind right towards his lovely wife.

"I have found out why he does not care for me", said Suchinta to Devi, when she came to pay her a visit one noon. Devi had a severe beating the night before and was in bed. Rambullubh had been completely ousted by Hurlal from the favours of Nurun, the beautiful Muslinman unfortunate, and for the last eight months he had never once been to her place, but every evening after the day's work, he would go to a wineshop, drink there to his fill, in company with some associates and about 9 P. M. walk home along the street in which Nurun lived, waiting in front of her house for a time, to abuse her and her new lover Hurlal. Often he got it back in good shape from the woman as well as Hurlal, and those nights were extra hard for poor Devi. This habit grew into him like drink, but Devi had developed a long-suffering patience.

Devi looked at the mournful eyes of her friend with kindness.

"He said in a fit of great vexation that he was going to embrace Christianity, as he thought that faith was superior to Hinduism but immediately checked himself as if he had committed an indiscretion. I took advan-

edge of the situation and pressed him to say what the reason of his hatred towards me was. For a time he would not say anything. At last he said he could not be at peace till he was converted. He would not be himself till he was a Christian, so he did not know how he felt or behaved. He begged me not to say anything to anybody. I said he must take me along with him wherever he went. He looked awfully anxious and pale, and left me abruptly. The unhappy girl burst into tears.

Dev's eyes were glistening, but at that moment her maid came in with some food at which Suchinta got up from Dev's bed where she was sitting, turning to hide her emotions from the servant and departed by the opposite door.

III

At the Mission barrack that afternoon Dayal could have been seen holding an anxious conference with a middle-aged missionary, an Indian, the Bible professor.

"She is determined to come too," said Dayal in a tone of despair, "the very thing which I am flying."

"All right," replied the reverend gentleman deliberately, after a little silence. "So much the better. It is greater glory to God to save two souls than one".

"Yes, yes," rejoined Dayal impatiently. "But how am I to get Amy's hand, if she comes?"

"That is easily done," replied Amy's father. "Your wife can live in the Zenana quarters, while you stay here. And after you are baptized, you can say you want to part with her, for you never loved her, and then marry any."

Dayal was satisfied and that night was all love and sweetness to his loyal wife, and quite easily managed to get her consent to run away with him the next day to the Mission with a view to adopt Christianity. He got her out by a back door of the house, put her

in a carriage which he kept ready at a little distance from the house and came to the Mission. Simple Suchinta, her heart glowing with gladness to receive the affection of the husband she loved more than her life, did not understand what it all meant till she was put away amidst strangers in the Zenana part of the Mission and had not even a glimpse of her husband for three days.

In the evening the whole town was convulsed with the news. Dayal's father with some other respectable men of the town came to the Mission but Dayal refused absolutely to see him. The next morning his mother came, for he was her only son. She too met with the same reception. She wanted to see her daughter-in-law, which Dayal disapproved, and she had to return with a broken heart.

Suchinta had been placed under the care of a kindly matron and was treated with utmost consideration. Sheer shame restrained her the following day from enquiry about her husband. But the day after, she wanted to see him. Her companion said, he could not possibly come to her for a day or two, but she would not listen. She wanted to go to him. That was impossible, said the matron, perhaps Dayal would come the day after. Suchinta ate nothing that day and night and drank only a little water the night after, for her mind was full of misgivings. She did not cry.

Her husband did not come to see her even on the third day. They had no permission from her husband to let her go to him. The dark suspicion had taken distinct shape in her mind that she was victimized by her husband. Would she ask to be sent to her husband's home? No. She would rather die there, for she would not get her husband back, and would have to reveal his faithlessness towards her. She resolved not to eat nor drink anything and thus to put an end to her life in a few days.

Suchinta's determination not to eat nor drink caused considerable anxiety in the minds of the authorities of the Mission. Dayal on the other hand was just as much determined not to have anything to do with her. He grew almost violent when the proposal of meeting her once, with a view to induce her to eat something was made by the father of his beloved Amy. So things were left to take their course that day.

The good matron who was told off to look after Suchinta, had a daughter a little older than Suchinta, who also lived there. She told her mother that evening that perhaps she could coax Suchinta to take something, if she was left alone with her. Her mother readily agreed, and Marian entered Suchinta's room with some fruits and delicacies.

For quite an hour the kind-hearted girl tried her utmost to change Suchinta's mind, but Suchinta would not speak to her. She pointed out the evil of suicide: "You have come to Christ," she said, "by which you will gain eternal life. What if your husband does not care for you and love some other woman? Why should you kill yourself for a faithless husband? There are many others in the world who love, and would love, you. Why throw away your valuable life by which you can obtain the grace of Christ?"

"I do not care for Christ, nor did I come here for Him," said Suchinta, stung to the quick by a reference to her husband's faithlessness. "How do you know my husband is faithless to me? It is perhaps you people who do not want to let us meet. My husband is my God. I came here for him."

Marian was piqued: "How do I know your husband is faithless? Why silly girl, what is it to us to keep you two apart?—We want you to follow Christ, there our business ends. It is your husband who does not want you and because in a fit of indiscretion he told you about his intention to embrace our true faith, and because our insisted on accompanying

him, he had to bring you with him, lest you divulge the secret. Your foolish husband has been madly in love with Amy for the last three years, who is an awful flirt and does not care a straw for him——

"Who is Amy?" interrupted Suchinta raising her head up.

"She is the daughter of the Bible professor of the college," answered Marian. "She flirts with any body and every body. Your husband became an easy prey to her when he used to visit his professor at his home as many others have——"

Suchinta sank back on her bed with a deep sigh, stopping the girl abruptly. Marian watched her quietly for a few minutes.

"Will you kindly do one thing for me," said Suchinta looking straight into Marian's eyes firmly.

"Anything, if you will eat something," replied the kind-hearted girl, meeting her gaze just as firmly, "but nothing, if you don't."

Suchinta saw that she meant what she said.

"Let me have a few fruits," said she quietly and ate them. "Now will you fetch me a note paper and an envelope and post the letter with your own hands when I have written it?"

"I will," replied Marian.

Suchinta wrote to Devi as follows

"My dearest friend,

I was deceived in my judgment to think that by following my husband to the Mission I shall win his love. But my *Karma* is stronger than I thought. I understand he has been in love with the daughter of his Bible professor who does not care for him. She is also described to me as a flirt. But I know my husband's purity of heart and goodness will keep her away in spite of his madness for her. I had no opportunity to see you before I left, so I write this note to wish you farewell for this life. I have resolved to put an end to this miserable existence by starv-

ing. May the Divine Mother make you happy and soon bless your noble life of constant self-sacrifice and self-control by opening your husband's eyes.

Most affectionately yours,
Suchinta."

She let Marian read the letter, for which the latter expressed a wish. Marian never knew a Hindu girl before this, though she was born of Indian parents. The beautiful feeling of Suchinta towards her husband, for whom Marian could only have abject contempt, her firmness, and her resignation were wonders to the Christian girl. She felt she was sitting before a heroine.

"Why not go home if you do not care to be a Christian?" said Marian timidly.

"I will make reparation for my past *Karma* by putting an end to this body by the *Tapasya* of starvation," answered Suchinta with a smile. "We believe women, if they make hard *Tapasya*, can protect their husbands and children from going wrong. The only duty of a

wife is to seek the good of her husband, to sacrifice herself wholly and completely for him. I have not this *Tapovata*, hence the present trouble. I will make amends for the past and lay by a better future by the *Tapasya* of death. This is the duty before me now."

Marian did not understand her. But she was too overpowered by the magnetism of Suchinta's wonderful strength, simple conviction, and strange spirit of self-sacrifice to utter a single word. She gazed on her mutely for long till her reverie was broken by a knock at the door by her mother, who called her away to know the result of her efforts.

They were all glad to hear that Marian had succeeded to make Suchinta eat something. Marian asked permission of the head of the department to stay and sleep with Suchinta which she readily obtained, and the girl posted Suchinta's letter the next morning without telling anything to any body.

(*To be continued.*)

WATCHMAN.

THE STORY OF JADA BHARATA

BHARATA was the son of Rishaba Deva, the great-grandson of the King Priyavrata. After the retirement of his father from kingly life, Bharata succeeded to the throne of Ajanabhakhandia of Jambu Dwipa, which from him acquired the ever memorable name of Bharata Khanda or Bharatavarsha, now also called Hindustan or India.

After ruling his kingdom for a long time with justice tempered by mercy, and performing various meritorious deeds, King Bharata as he grew old realized the vanity of this world, and giving up his throne to his son retired to solitude to meditate on the Self. He made his

Ashrama at Hari Kshetra, which breathed an atmosphere of purity, and was charged with the holy magnetism of the sages of yore who had practised devotions there. The solemn quiet and the natural scenery of the place were highly favourable for meditation. Religious practices—consisting of worship, meditation and prayer absorbed his whole time and attention there. Sometimes during such meditations he would go into a state of ecstacy and catch a glimpse of the Eternal Source of all bliss, and his soul would be filled with unutterable beatitude, making him forgetful of his outer shell. He went on month after month in this way until his

mind became purged of all impurities and attained to that state of equilibrium, which is called *Shuddha Satva*, without which a Yogi cannot fully realize the Self. But alas! All his past Karma was not yet completely destroyed and in working itself out it brought about an unlooked-for event which changed the even tenor of Bhārata's mind.

One morning as he was performing his usual ablutions in the Gandaki, and uttering his prayers, a deer which was big with young approached the stream to drink at a spot close to where Bhārata was. The moment she dipped her mouth into the water, a tiger who had been following her gave a terrible roar. Being awfully frightened the poor animal gave such a big jump that in a moment she fell dead on the other side of the stream, delivered of her young, which dropped into the stream and was carried away by the current. Bhārata seeing the young deer struggling in the water was moved to compassion, and thought that Providence had made him the custodian of the young creature. He at once took it up, carried it to a dry spot and wiping it carefully wrapped it with a blanket and began to nurse it like a mother. He fed it for some days with the milk he obtained for his own use. He attended to all its wants, with so much affectionate care that the young creature never missed its mother. The nursing took so much of Bhārata's time that he had to give up much of his daily devotional practices. As the deer grew it shewed more and more fondness for the king who at last became so engrossed in it, that leaving aside his religious duties he used to watch the young deer skip and frisk about for hours

together.

This growing indifference to spiritual culture brought about its inevitable consequence. The deer swallowed up as it were, his whole mind. For it alone he began to think his life worth living. What a tremendous change! A mighty king, who gave up a dear wife, loving and dutiful children, and the wealth and enjoyments of a heaven-like kingdom, enslaved by the charms of a little, insignificant animal!

At times Bhārata, realizing his fatal situation, would try forcibly to divest himself of all thoughts about the deer, and retiring to a sheltered nook concentrate his mind on the Self. But scarcely would he leave the Ashrama, when the deer would follow him to his retirement and there stand for a while waiting for signs of endearment from him. Not receiving any response, the deer would gently push at the back of his protector with its budding horns, as if rebuking him for his inattention. The king would at once give up his devotion, take it up in his arms, carry it to his hut, and give it whatever food he had. He often pitied it as an orphan, and had misgivings as to his own fitness for the place of a parent to the young creature. When the deer went into the forest to graze and did not return till late at night Bhārata would become uneasy about it and go out to find him and often lament that he was not acquitting himself properly towards his ward. At times he would bewail the absence of the deer like a bereaved mother and call out to him by endearing epithets.

(To be continued.)

RECLUSE.

RAMAKRISHNA SCHEME OF SERVICE :

AN APPEAL.

WHILE it is a fact that in our Tirthas, Sadhus do not usually suffer much for want of food, it is none the less true that in very few of our holy places, particularly in those situated in out-of-the-way mountainous regions, there are no arrangements to look after them when they are ailing and sick. Sadhus, as a rule, live apart from one another, each in his own little hut. It can, therefore, be easily imagined how much suffering—which a little loving service and care may alleviate—they undergo in their seclusion, when laid up with sickness. They become so helpless that it is not improbable that many of them suffer the most intense agony for want of a drop of water and that some die weakened by disease, thirst and hunger.

Realising the extreme necessity, the Sannyasin Brotherhood of which the Swami Vivekananda is the head, started, as a beginning, a home, at Kan-khal, near Hardwar, early in July 1901, for the relief of the extremely sick and helpless Sadhus and pilgrims and from where too, medicines and food for the sick are distributed.

One of the highest products of human development is—the increasing capacity of realizing the helplessness and distress of others and a loving solicitude to remove them so far as possible. The succour of those, in their moments of suffering, who keep the spiritual atmosphere of India from losing its ancient power and

potency, who sacrifice their lives to the sustenance of the highest force—that makes for good in the universe and thus contribute to the maintenance of the spiritualequilibrium of the whole world,—which, as we venture to think, is the only condition of ensuring a steady, harmonious, ever progressing evolution and thus perform the highest possible service that could be done by man—is therefore the supremest act of useful charity, as well as the best value that money can give. It is earnestly hoped none will hesitate to contribute his share to the up-rearing of an insitution of such palpable practical good and spiritual promise.

All donations and subscriptions will be thankfully received and acknowledged by the undersigned in *Prabuddha Bharata*.

VIMALANANDA

Joint Editor, *Prabuddha Bharata*.

Man service is God-service. Jesus describes all the nations standing before the judgment seat : "Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was an hungered and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying 'Lord when saw we thee an hungered and fed thee? or athirst and gave thee drink? and when saw we thee a stranger and took thee in? or naked and clothed thee? and when saw we thee ~~in~~ or in prison and came unto thee?' and the King shall answer and say, unto them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

REVIEWS

THE BEAUTIES OF ISLAM. By Q. M. Sarfaraz Husain. Naini Tal, 1901*.

Islam means complete resignation to the will of God. "If this (resignation) be Islam," says Goethe, "do we not all live in Islam?" If this be Islam is it not the most beautiful thing that man can aspire after? For is not 'denial of self' the consummation of all human activities? The theme of the work under review is to show how the various ways leading to this end, as discovered and preached by Mahomet and subsequently by some of his followers, reflect the beauty of, and reveal to the observant eye, their relationship with, the end. Leaving aside a few points of secondary importance every impartial reader will find much that is truly beautiful in the book.

Great stress has been laid upon charity. "It is worthy of note that even the service of lower animals is regarded as a sufficient means to attain to the desired end." In illustration of this, the author quotes a story from one of the holy books, describing how even a dancing-girl got enlightenment by one such service.

Besides the worker, the lover, the mystic and the philosopher have, according to the author, their respective places in Islam. "Love is a thing which burns all alien things and leaves God and God alone".

The religious exercises of the Moslem mystics, the *Nagushbandia*, have a striking similarity to the Yoga practices. The monism of Islam has found expression in the following words ascribed to the Prophet:—

"Was God and there was nothing with Him and He is now what He was then."

It is not for us to enter into the illimitable

debate as to whether Mahomet derived his religion from Christianity or Hinduism or got it direct by 'inspiration.' Points of agreement between different religions are not conclusive proofs of their having been influenced by one another; nor does it go against the claims of a religion to show that it owes its existence to some other religion. Islam as described in the book, "has a genuine element of what is spiritually highest".

The author's own remarks in some places are wise and thoughtful. As the book has been written with "special regard to Vedanta, Theosophy and Higher Christianity," there is throughout an unexpressed spirit of sympathy for other faiths which we highly admire, hoping at the same time that it has not been carried too far to allow of a right estimation of the faith it claims to present.

We hope to see the next edition of the book free from the typographical errors we notice with sorrow in this.

READINGS FROM THE HOLY KORAN. Part I. By the same author. Naini Tal, 1901†.

It contains the gist of Para I of the Koran with the author's own remarks, his views as to the utility and mission of a Divine book and how far the Koran fulfills that mission. The book besides giving a general idea about the contents of the first part of the Koran does not seem to be of much interest, nor do all the reflections of the author seem quite satisfactory to a logical mind. However, a true and faithful catechism of the Koran will be a great help to the student of Religions and we shall be glad to see the author encouraged to bring out all the parts of his Readings in due course.

NEWS AND NOTES

BARON Iwasaki has bought Max Muller's library for the Tokio University.

THE death is reported of Professor S. B. Mukerjee of the Lahore College. The deceased was the author of a well-known book on hydrostatics.

MR. Eugene Smith, of New York, estimates, that the cost of crime to the people of the United States reaches a total of \$800,000,000 annually.

THE Abbe Moreux, of Bourges, attributes the present heat wave that is more or less apparent in almost all parts of the world to a large sun-spot which covers an area of 622,500,000 square miles.

BABU BIPIN BEHARY ROY, a Zemindar of Faridpore, has set an example to his brother zemindars by giving his son and heir a thorough education in agriculture. Mr. Roy has just returned from England after completing his term at the Royal Agriculture College at Cirencester and passing its examinations. He will devote his scientific knowledge of agriculture to the improvement of his father's estates.

THE Maharaja of Durbhanga is to start an agricultural school which is to be placed under the supervision of Mr. Bhais Bha. Grounds have been selected for cultivation, and *Bhutta* will be the first experiment that will be taken in hand. If it is proved successful other

cultivations will be tried. His Highness has set an example to the other Zemindars of the country.

THE *Indian Spectator* learns that some enterprising Indian merchants of Bombay are making earnest efforts to start a native steamship company, with a capital of fifteen lakhs, divided into six thousand shares of Rs. 250 each. The new company, which is to be named the "Teizpal Steam Navigation Company," will have as its directors Mr. Jamsetji Tata, Mr. Edward Sassoon, and other men of weight and position in trade and commerce.

LATELY two missionaries have been killed and eaten with great relish by the cannibals of Fly river, Guinea. They eat missionaries, not because they have any religious hostility for them as preachers of a new faith, but because, as non-consumers of rum and tobacco, their flesh is far more palatable than that of any other type of white man. Men who have the least fear from cannibals are European sailors, for the simple reason that their flesh is so impregnated with the flavour of alcohol and tobacco as to be as unpalatable as is said to be that of crows, kites, and other carrion-consuming birds.

THERE is a number of Hindus, including Sikhs, in Hong Kong following various professions, and the community is gradually increasing in number. The

need of a Dharmshala (which serves the purpose of an inn also) has been keenly felt for a long time, especially by new arrivals from this country. The Sikhs in Penang, in the Straits Settlements, have solved the difficulty and a suitable Dharmshala is in the course of erection. And we are glad to learn that on application the Government has made a free grant of land worth \$7,000, and the amount of subscriptions collected up to this time is \$9,000, and more money is forthcoming.

A public meeting of the inhabitants of Bombay was held on the 8th July in the Town Hall under the presidency of Lord Northcote for the purpose of expressing public regret at the death of the Late Mr. Justice Ranade and taking measures for perpetuating his memory. The meeting was thoroughly representative as were also the speakers chosen. His Excellency graciously paid a tribute of high compliment to the late Mr. Ranade and in course of his speech said: "We Europeans are entitled to claim to participate in a movement to honour the memory of one whose example showed what sterling public services to our common sovereign a distinguished Hindu gentleman could and did perform".

THE New Zealand Graphic says

A girl of twenty, in order to save her brother, who was drafted, from going to serve in the army, disguised herself, and went in his stead. Her brother was the support of a blind father, an invalid mother and seven sisters younger than herself. During her term of service she fought in three battles, but was not

wounded. Twice she was made a prisoner. She was subjected to the greatest hardships, but her courage and determination never flagged. No one suspected her secret until after her third battle, when a man told the Captain he believed this soldier was a woman. She was questioned and confessed, expecting to be shot. On her knees she begged to say one prayer, and write a farewell to her mother, and she could hardly believe it when told she would be given an honourable discharge, and her brother also be allowed to remain at home and care for the family.

Following hard upon the heels of the Viennese engineer, William Kress, comes a Berlin inventor, J. Hofman, who has constructed what is claimed to be a working model of a flying machine.

He uses no particular lunch-frame or other construction. He employs legs which are provided with wheels at their lower ends, and which are suddenly drawn from the ground close to the body when the propellers are set in motion. Robbed of its support, the machine falls, driven forward by its propellers. But the machine drops barely a second; beneath the wings, projecting far out from each side, sufficient air has collected to sustain the entire apparatus. New masses of air continually collect beneath the wings, so that, it is claimed, the buoyant force of the air becomes so great that the machine is not only supported in its flight, but is even driven further upward, there to be maintained at the desired height by the action of its propellers.

Hofman intends to use coal as fuel for the little steam-engine used to drive the propellers.

The wing or sail surfaces have an area of over 21 feet and project laterally to a distance of 4.6 feet. The entire weight of the model is 7.7 pounds.

—*Scientific American*—

ONLY he who lives a life of his own can help the lives of other men.—*Philips Brooks*.

A TRUE man rides his passions like a horse (ashamed to be thrown or run away with), and uses a curb but no spurs.

CULTIVATE the physical exclusively, and you have an athlete or a savage; the moral only, and you have an enthusiast or a maniac; the intellectual only, and you have a diseased oddity—it may be a monster. It is only by wisely training all three together that the complete man can be formed.—*Samuel Smiles*.

AS the sunlight shining through a window of colored glass appears to take on the various tints of the medium through which it passes, so, to the human intellect, does life seem to partake or consist of those qualities and characteristics which we are wont to associate with natural and moral phenomena. We need, to open the window of human misconception and behold the true source of life beyond.

IT is impossible for a man with a good heart to be satisfied with this world as it now is. No man can truly enjoy even what he earns knowing that millions of his fellow men are in misery and want. Whenever we think of the famished, we feel that it is almost heartless to eat. To

meet the ragged and shivering makes one almost ashamed to be well dressed and warm. One feels as though his heart was as cold as their bodies.—*Robert G. Ingersoll*.

THE Bally Municipality would not consider our Math at Belur (Calcutta) as a place of public worship and so would have it pay taxes. The matter went to court and was decided in the first instance by the Sub-judge of Hoogly in favour of the Math. The decision was appealed against by the Municipality in higher court. It was then referred to the District Magistrate of Howrah for arbitration, who has upheld the claims of the Math and exempted it from the payment of house-rate.

AS will appear from the appeal for funds published elsewhere, "The Rama-Krishna Sevashrama" has been started by two of our brothers at Kankhal for the relief of sick and helpless Sadhus and others. The Ashrama is in the charge of Swami Kalyanananda who conducted the Orphanage at Kishengarh during the last famine. From his report for July we find there were 19 out-door and 3 in-door patients. Of the former, 9 were Sadhus, and 10, others. Of the latter, 2 were out-door patients for a time, but as they did not get better they were admitted to the Ashrama and cured. The third was taken away by a friend after three days' stay in the Ashrama. Of the out-door patients, 1 is still under treatment, 6 left before complete cure and the rest were cured.

It is said, with much truth, that the

need of India is not a greater number of charitable people, but *the direction of the existing charity through right channels*, so that it may be productive of beneficial, instead of injurious, results, as is the case to a considerable extent, at present. May we therefore again urge that the newly started institution at Kankhal is a medium of charity through which every pice spent will go to serve the right purpose.

THE following is the account of preliminary and other expenditures incurred during the latter part of June and July 1901 for the Kankhal Sevashrama.

			R.	A.	P.
Railway fare	8	8	0
Cooly hire	1	11	0
Cost of food	25	8	3
Medicine	36	3	0
Bedclothes	4	0	0
Bedsteads	8	9	6
Utensils	14	14	9
Establishment	4	9	3
House-rent	3	0	0
Sundries	2	0	3
<hr/>					
Total	109	0	0

THAT man, I think, has had a liberal ducation who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism it is cap ble of; whose intellect is a clearcold logic-engine, with all its parts of edual strength and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam-engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchor of the mind; whose mind is stored with the

knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of fire and life, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.

—Huxley.

A CORRESPONDENT writing in the *New York Times* on Foreign Mission, says:

"I do not know much about Oriental religions, but I sometimes go on Sunday afternoons to listen to a Hindu Swami; and strange as it may appear to some of your readers, I find he teaches a very pure and lofty morality, very near akin to that of "the sermon on the mount," and sets forth some religious speculations touching the eternal destiny of the human soul which are worthy of serious attention. But when I visit some of our so-called Christian churches in this city I find the thought so thin and the pomposity so thick that I usually drop into a quiet dose; whereas the Hindu preacher can keep me awake and furnish me with food for a dreamy meditation afterward. And this is another reason why I think we should leave the preaching business to the Orientals themselves."

A LADY was watching a potter at his work, whose one foot was kept with a "never slackening speed, turning his swift wheel round," while the other rested patiently on the ground. When the lady said to him, in a sympathizing tone, "How tired your foot must be!" the man

raised his eyes and said: "No, ma'am, it isn't the foot that works that's tired; it's the foot that stands!" That's it. If you want to keep your strength, use it. If you want to get tired, do nothing. As a matter of fact, we all know that the last man to give a helping hand to any undertaking is the man who has plenty of time on his hands. It is the man or woman who is doing most who is always willing to do a little more.

—*Advocate.*

Thou must be true thyself
If thou the truth would teach;
Thy soul must overflow,
If thou another soul would reach:
It needs the overflowing heart
To give the life full speech.
Think truly, and thy thought
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly and thy word
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

—*Emerson.*

Miss Keller has just succeeded in passing her mid-year examinations at Radcliffe College. She has passed most creditably, competing with scores of young women among the most intelligent of the country. Miss Keller has been from her birth deaf, dumb and blind.

Helen Keller cannot hear a word that is spoken, but she places the tips of her fingers on the throat of her teacher, knows everything that the teacher says, and assimilates the knowledge.

When you talk about the difficulties in your life, does it not make you ashamed to think of a young girl who studies

higher mathematics with the sole aid of the sense of touch?

Helen Keller has never heard the sound of a human voice, yet she has thoroughly mastered the English language, and has passed examinations in French and German, in Latin and Greek.

Miss Keller is sightless, yet she writes on the typewriter as rapidly as any expert, and the work which she prepares for those who teach her is just as neat as that of any girl in her college.

Her moral courage, refusing to submit, finds refuge and expression in intense mental concentration, with the results mentioned.

Concentrate your mind. Don't be beaten in life's struggle by a young girl who cannot SEE, cannot HEAR, cannot SPEAK.—*Chicago American.*

WHICH ARE YOU?

There are two kinds of people on earth to-day,
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say.

Not the sinner, and saint, for 'tis well understood
The good are half bad, and the bad are half good.

Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth
You must first know the state of his conscience and health.

Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span,
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.

Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.

No; the two kinds of people on earth, I mean,
Are the people, *who lift* and the people, *who lean*.

Wherever you go, you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.

And oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween,
There is only one *lifter* to twenty *who lean*.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed *lifters* who toll down the road?

Or are you a *leaner*, who lets others bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX